THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE 10 CENTS

JAZZ INFORMATION

VOLUME ONE MARCH 29, 1940 NUMBER 27

Blue Note Waxes Bechet

SIDNEY BECHET MAKES FOUR SOLOS FOR BLUE NOTE RECORDS

New York. -- Sidney Bechet, soprano saxophone star now playing at Nick's, returned to Blue Note's studios here on Wednesday, March 20, to record four solos.

Bechet used a three-piece rhythm section for his only accompaniment in the solos, which Blue Note will issue soon. Personnel of the quartet was: Bechet, soprano sax and clarinet; Teddy Bunn, guitar; Pop Foster, bass; Big Sidney Catlett, drums.

Two twelve-inch and two standard ten-inch sides were recorded. The twelve-inch titles are "Lonesome Blues" (made famous by Louis Armstrong's great record) and "Dear Old Southland". The ten-inch disc will couple a fast blues, not yet named, with a slow blues called "Blues At Dawn" at Bechet's suggestion.

Bechet, Bunn and Catlett previously recorded together for Blue Note as members of the "Port of Harlem Seven". Soon to be recorded are several guitar solos by Bunn.

The Blue Note company announces that its new address is 10 West 47th Street, Room 402.

Chicago

Chicago, March 27. -- The Grand Terrace is finally to reopen in mid-April, with Roy Eldridge's band and a vaudeville-type floor show -- prices will flop from the $2.50 minimum which sent the spot into darkness months ago.

Swingland packs a mean Monday night, with 35-cent minimum. De Liza and the Cabin have minimum only on week-ends, while at the 65, It Club, La Rue's, and the smaller South Side spots, music is on the house.

The air picture is changing rapidly this week; raucous back-of-the bar jump jive gets a quarter hour nightly from the Capitol Lounge. Kemp and Clinton hold the hotels.

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YANK PORTER WITH JOE SULLIVAN

New York. -- Yank Porter, drummer formerly with Louis Armstrong and Fats Waller, has joined Joe Sullivan's mixed band at Cafe Society here, replacing Johnny Wells.

MUGGSY MAKING SECOND COMEBACK; TO PLAY CINCINNATI SPOT IN APRIL

New York. -- Muggsy Spanier, who gave up his Ragtime Band in December to join Ted Lewis, and quit Lewis a month ago, has obtained a booking and is now reorganizing his outfit.

The band will open at the Look Out Club, in Cincinnati, in mid-April. Personnel of the outfit is not yet complete, but it will include former members Rod Cless, clarinet, George Brunies, trombone, and probably Nick Caiazza, tenor sax. Caiazza has been working with Woody Herman since the Ragtime Band broke up. No definite selections have been made for the rhythm section.

Muggsy's recording contract with Bluebird is still in effect, but since six sides already recorded are still to be released, he will probably not make records soon.

BASIE MAKES EIGHT SIDES

New York. -- Count Basie's orchestra recorded eight new sides at Columbia's studios here on March 18 and 19.

Two special blues sides, with vocals by James Rushing, were made. On the first only the four trumpets, rhythm section and one tenor-man (Buddy Tate) played. On the second Rushing was accompanied by Jack Washington, sax, and Harry Edison, trumpet, with the rhythm.

Other titles waxed were "Easy Does It", "Tickle-Toe", "I Never Knew", "Louisiana", "Let's Make Hey While The Moon Shines", and an untitled original by Harry Edison.

JIMMY JOHNSON WORKING AT ELKS'

New York. -- James P. Johnson, whose band had been playing Monday off-nights at Cafe Society, is now at the Elks Rendezvous in Harlem. Louis Jordan's band has been taking the relief job at the Village spot.

DECCA CHICAGO JAZZ ALBUM RELEASED

Decca's album of "Chicago style" jazz, prepared under the supervision of George Avakian, was released last week. A full review will appear in the next issue.

Commodore Jam Session

COMMODORE WAXES 20-MINUTE SESSION ON FOUR TWELVE-INCH SIDES

New York. -- The most ambitious recording session ever held by Milt Gabler of the Commodore Music Shop took place here Saturday, March 24.

An eleven-piece all-star group under the direction of Eddie Condon recorded four twelve-inch sides of "A Good Man Is Hard To Find". The two discs, comprising the longest band recording ever made for public sale, will be released in album form under the name of "A Jam Session At Commodore".

Personnel included Muggsy Spanier and Max Kaminsky, cornets; Miff Mole and Brad Gowans, trombones; Pee Wee Russell, clarinet; Joe Marsala, clarinet and alto sax; Bud Freeman, tenor sax; Jess Stacy, piano; Eddie Condon, guitar; Artie Shapiro, bass; George Wettling, drums.

Kaminsky, Gowans, Russell, Freeman, Stacy, Condon, Shapiro and Wettling are Commodore recording men from way back. Mole and Marsala are new additions. So is Spanier, whose only other recordings in recent years were with his own band on Bluebird.

The tune, an old blues melody, was played in slow tempo throughout. In spite of the size of the band, the music is in jam-band style, featuring long solos by all and a cornet duet.

New York

New York, March 28. -- Bob Crosby's orchestra leaves the Hotel New Yorker March 31 to play a few one-nighters, a week in Syracuse, and then goes into the Blackhawk Restaurant in Chicago for six weeks.

Newsstand record marketing will be tried again next week when Viking records, manufactured by the Nu-Phonic Corporation in collaboration with United States Records and Curtis Publishing Company, appear on the stands. Records will

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CLAUDE JONES PLAYING FOR ZUTTY

New York. -- Claude Jones, trombonist with Coleman Hawkins' orchestra, is now playing in Zutty Singleton's band at Nick's, in the absence of Ferdinand Arbello. Jones is expected to rejoin Hawkins, who is laying off at present.

JAZZ INFORMATION

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COLLECTORS' ITEMS

Fred R. Miller of Brooklyn has a problem disc in "Aunt Hagar's Children Blues—Shake It And Break It", by the "Kentucky Serenaders", on Regal 9134, master numbers 41-925 and 41924. It's a fine band, sounds white, with fine cornet and trombone, and excellent clarinet. The masters are puzzling, suggesting a possible tie-up with Emerson; they don't belong in any Regal series that we know of. Can anyone help to identify this record?

* * *

Jack Winn of Dallas writes that the Dixie Stompers' "Oh, Baby — Feelin' Good" was issued on Diva 2636-G as well as Harmony 636-H, and supplies the master numbers, 145975 and 145976 respectively. He also comments that the trumpet on this record is certainly neither Ladnier nor Stark, but Rex Stewart. Any dissenting voices heard?

Charles Anguish of Detroit has an old Ellington issued on the local "Mitchell" label under the name of The Washingtonians: "Rainy Nights" (T-2006), Mitchell 11437. This is evidently the same as the "Rainy Day" (?) listed in Discography on Buddy 11437, the same record number. This item also solves what must have been a minor mystery to most readers of Discography—on page 233, Jelly Roll Morton's "Mr. Jelly Lord — Steady Roll" was listed as Paramount 20332, and the first side also as "Mi 11397". The list of abbreviations left this a puzzle, but evidently it was a Mitchell reissue.

Jules Barton of Cleveland notes that the Paramounts by Ida Cox and her Five Blue Spells (Discography, page 64) not only do not feature Louis Armstrong (see William Russ-

(Continued on Page 7)

READERS' COMMENTS

New York City
March 19

To The Editor:

Merrill Hammond, in his article "Is Jazz Dying Out" (J.I. No. 26), stated the case pretty well. It takes only a little listening to some old records, or to a get-together of some old-timers, to find most of the modern products pretty dismal. But what is the reason?

There is one answer — the depression. We are still in it, and it has hit the music field especially hard. Add to this the growing use of radio and wired music, and you will get the reason for the choking off of new and creative ideas in jazz. When perhaps half or more of the professional musicians of the country are either unemployed or get only irregular work, what chance is there for new talent to get a hearing, or for young fellows to work themselves up in the game?

Why was "Storyville" in New Orleans the home of so much fine jazz? It was mainly because the Negro musicians with the new and fresh ideas could find JOBS there, and a chance to express themselves. Why was there so much good jazz produced in the 1920's? (There was also plenty of horrible stuff produced then.) It was because there was a demand for bands, a demand for records, a demand for music, an inducement for boys to learn an instrument. A musician with talent could find a place to play. Conditions were far from perfect, and work was far from regular, but there was just enough of the stimulus and encouragement needed for creative ideas to break out and get a hearing.

Of course, there weren't the "pots of gold" then, as Hammond puts it, that there are now. But why do we have these big rewards now? It is because of the concentration of musical entertainment through radio and wire. One band can entertain millions of people at once, and get a big price for doing so — which I don't begrudge them in the least. But new talent falls by the wayside. The same thing has happened to the field of light entertainment, in theatres and on the radio. The passing away of vaudeville removed a lot of terrible stuff, but it also removed the main field in which new people could learn the game and develop their ideas. Here also we have a preponderance of old-timers. A business man with a big investment hates to stake it on anything but a sure thing.

I am not arguing against modern improvements. They can and do have a fine educational effect in bringing music, and better music, to people who never heard it before. Were there more jobs and money around, the effect would not be to standardize music, as it unfortunately is doing now, but to stimulate new and better efforts and ideas.

But the greatest jazz happens to be especially the product of the poor people, in the Negro quarters and the slums. It gets its emotional power from their troubles, its freshness from their freedom from academic restrictions. And it is especially among these people that a depression, unemployment and suffering, do their greatest havoc. The mold that created a Bessie, a Louis, a "Pops", is far from broken. There are perhaps many young people today who have the same potentialities, the same latent power. But what they need is a chance, even the meagre chance talent got in the 20's. They need a job.

Walter Sidney.

Philadelphia, Pa.
March 22

To The Editor:

Even the best of men occasionally slip, and your usually astute record reviewer took a beautiful pratt-fall in his unpenetrating comments on Sidney Bechet's "Preaching Blues — Indian Summer". What is "phoney" boogie-woogie? Does that tell us whether it is good or bad piano? He mentions "Shag" and the old Feet Warmers, but does not even say that Wilson Myers, the fine bassist in the present group, was also in the old one.

It's too bad to see four of your valuable pages devoted to such foibles as label-collecting. Why encourage the lunatic fringe? Preferable would be more articles like the ones on Zue Robertson and on the player piano and boogie-woogie style.

Other suggestions: an attempt to line up Paramount, Vocalion, Columbia record numbers with the years when recorded or issued; discussion of best methods of keeping records, together with a sound index system.

I send you my best wishes, and hope you will soon achieve your ambition of getting out three consecutive numbers on schedule.

Philip K. Anthony.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Comments on J.I.'s record reviews are always welcome. Our reviewer explains that phoney boogie-woogie takes the superficial form of b. w., without having its essential quality. Naturally it's bad, like anything phoney.)

NEW RECORDS

EDDIE CONDON'S Band (Commodore 531) I Ain't Gonna Give Nobody None Of My Jelly Roll -- Ballin' The Jack. Max Kaminsky, cornet; Brad Gowans, valve trombone; Pee Wee Russell, clarinet; Joe Bushkin, piano; Eddie Condon, guitar; Artie Shapiro, bass; George Wettling, drums.

The second coupling from Milt Gabler's December session has something of an edge not only over the first, but (if memory serves) over all the Commodore's band records. The two old tunes are cleanly and effectively played, with interesting solos and good ensembles.

"I Ain't Gonna Give Nobody None of My Jelly Roll" takes that very attractive tune at a brisk pace; the chorus is long, and the record consists of full choruses of ensemble before and after the solo choruses by Bushkin and Russell. Pee Wee's is good; but Bushkin's is extremely good. Beginning, as he often does, with fierce attack, it runs through a series of light, vigorous phrases, showing a Hines influence transmitted through Bushkin's model, Stacy. Joey's style, while it still resembles Stacy's more than anyone else, has become highly personal. And while we might prefer a fuller manner, he must be ranked among the finest white pianists.

Besides its ensemble beginning and end, "Ballin' The Jack" features solos by Kaminsky, Shapiro, Bushkin and Russell. Here the best is Pee Wee, who has something to say and does it without emphasizing his growl for its own sake. His work in the last all-in is also a noticeable improvement over some of his current playing. Kaminsky's lead is so good in the ensembles, both here and (especially) on the other side, that we may admit that his solo carries less kick. On both sides the rhythm is fine.

METRONOME ALL STAR BAND, King Porter Stomp; METRONOME ALL STAR NINE, All Star Strut (Co 35389). Personnel of Nine: Harry James, trumpet; Jack Teagarden, trombone; Benny Goodman, clarinet; Benny Carter, alto sax; Eddie Miller, tenor sax; Jess Stacy, piano; Charlie Christian, guitar; Bob Haggart, bass; Gene Krupa, drums. For the reverse, Charlie Spivak and Ziggy Elman, trumpets, Jack Jenney, trombone, Toots Mondello and Charlie Barnet, saxes, are added.

If there is any worse way to assemble an "all-star" recording band than to let a "critic" do it, it's by polling the readers of any musicians' trade journal. Essentially this record is a publicity stunt. And it calls to mind again the basic conflict between popular assumptions and concrete values. Jazz in all its aspects is more interesting than the dance music which serves as its medium; but jazz has as many suckers as any other field, and publicity is substituted for talent here as much as anywhere...

Not that there isn't talent in this band; there's some great talent, and also there is some talent which grew up too fast in an atmosphere of Broadway lights and the big money. The same might be said of almost any good permanent band today; we pick on this record only because its origin invites such remarks. For the rest, it isn't bad music. "King Porter" suffers perhaps because the intense drive the number needs is not supplied by the rhythm section, the saxes or James' powerful, slurry trumpet. There are solos: besides James', good short spots by Teagarden, Goodman, and Stacy, a bad one by Barnet, mediocre ones by Mondello and Elman.

"All Star Strut", with a smaller band, is billed as a jam session. A light, medium tempo blues, it is chopped up to provide solo spots for each of the nine men, much as an actual jam session might be, and the unmatching styles make the side lose the cohesion which careful planning might have gotten. The closing all-in has good spirit and drive. Carter's solo is genuinely creative in his light, melodic way, Stacy's repeats his Commodore work, Goodman's and Miller's are good enough. What makes the record well worth hearing is the one chorus by Jack Teagarden: simple and hot, a breath of greatness.

DUKE ELLINGTON'S Orchestra (Vi 26-536) Jack The Bear--Morning Glory. Wallace Jones, Cootie Williams, Rex Stewart, trumpets; Joe Nanton, Juan Tizol, Lawrence Brown, trombones; Otto Hardwick, Harry Carney, Johnny Hodges, Barney Bigard, Ben Webster, saxes; Duke Ellington, piano; Freddy Guy, guitar; Jimmy Blanton, bass; Sonny Greer, drums.

Duke Ellington's first coupling under his new Victor contract is also his best all-around job in several months. "Jack The Bear" is a piece of medium Ellingtonian jive with some specially interesting arranging (the brass behind Barney Bigard's clarinet, for instance) and Jimmy Blanton outstanding in solo and ensemble. "Morning Glory" is a slow, well integrated and interesting melodic piece reminiscent of the Duke's "Reminiscing In Tempo" mood. Outstanding is the solo trumpet of Rex Stewart -- far from the jazz horn he has played with both Ellington and Henderson, but impressive for its personal tone, equally individual phrasing and those extraordinary trombone-like low notes.

BOB CROSBY'S Bob Cats (De 3040) Do You Ever Think Of Me -- Jazz Me Blues. Billy Butterfield, trumpet; Warren Smith, trombone; Irving Fazola, clarinet; Eddie Miller, tenor sax; Jess Stacy, piano; Nappy Lamare, guitar; Bob Haggart, bass; Ray Bauduc, drums.

"Jazz Me Blues" is about as good as any record the Bob Cats have ever made; and that's good. There is little or no suggestion in the music that these eight men play regularly in what is after all, in spite of its quality, a big commercial band. Fazola, who takes a long solo, is the only man with whom we have any fault to find; and that is only that his style, as it has been recently, is too conceited. However, his solo and ensemble work are hotter than what he's been doing for the most part. With Butterfield, Smith and Miller he forms a driving ensemble, particularly successful in the climax choruses. Special credit goes to Smith for fine Dixieland backing and to Butterfield for his clear, riptoned lead, which is also his best recent work. The rhythm section is all there.

The other side, with a vocal by Nappy, is much less. Fazola plays a solo, which is less interesting than the way Stacy and Butterfield accompany the vocal. Stacy also has a short solo spot which abandons the very cultivated style he has been using on record dates for a more vigorous manner.

EARL HINES (BB 10642) Child Of A Disordered Brain -- Body And Soul. "Storytone" electric piano solos.

To promote the "Storytone" piano in which its engineers played an important part, RCA-Victor presents a Bluebird coupling of two Hines piano solos on that instrument. As far as the piano itself is concerned, we have little comment to make. It's a good piece of electronic musical machinery, and sounds much like the ordinary piano except that sustained low notes have a quite different timbre and there are a few effects, such as a twanging staccato, which could not have been obtained on the piano.

The solos are not Hines at his best. "Body And Soul", slow, tends to be uninteresting; the reverse, a fast original, has much too much undisciplined flash. There are a few high spots, however, in which Hines' incomparable touch, power and rhythmic facility inspire admiration even while we question the taste of his improvisations.

BENNY CARTER'S Orchestra (Vo 5399) Slow Freight -- Sleep. Joe Thomas, Lincoln Mills, Russell Smith, trumpets; Eugene Simon, Vic Dickenson, James Archey, trombones; Coleman Hawkins, Carl Frye, Stanley Payne, Jimmy Powell, saxes; Eddie Heywood,

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ORIGINAL RECORD LABELS PART TWO

By

William C. Love

← - 27 -

4966 - 5620
All 20000's

- 28 - →

6000 —

- 29 -

14337 - 15223

- 31 -

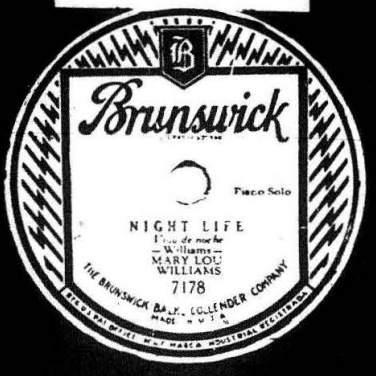
15442 —

- 30 -

15361 - 15434

- 32 -
2581 - 2648

- 34 -
All 7000's
(Race)



- 33 -
2804 - 3351

- 34 -
3361 - 4998
- 35 -
6003 - 6241

- 38 -
7663 —

- 36 -
6265 - 6336

- 37 -
6355 - 7650

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

THE SAFETY VALVE

This is the second in a series of guest columns by prominent collectors. The editors do not necessarily agree with the ideas which may be expressed in this series. In fact, the title is specially significant; all contributors will be entitled to blow their top.

GET-OFF ON A THEME BY KNOCKWURST

by Fred R. Miller

Brooklyn, N. Y.

The beginnings of jazz are lost in antiquity. Little David, we know, frequently knocked himself out harping on his harp. And Nero was the first hot fiddler of record. (With Rome burning all around him as he played, he must've been hot.) This brings us up to the present.

A young man named Otis Ferguson, who wrote a piece about Bix and called it "Young Man With A Horn", which title a young lady named Dorothy Baker borrowed for a novel, from which a young man named Stephen W. Smith borrowed it to put on his HRS album of Bix record reissues (events, you see, grow onionwise, peel upon peel), once said or to be precise wrote me, "Bix, Stacy and Teagarden. All the rest are fillers in my book."

Musician: Hold it. What dis Foiguson play?

Miller: The phonograph.

Musician: I t'ought so. A critic. What you play, huh?

Miller: Me? The jew's harp, the goofus and the hot typewriter. Blow, bum. And I don't mean on your horn.

She tells me there's a woman on relief called, no guff, Frieda Spatgong.

Whereas my old buddeh, Hoyte Kline, writing on the greenish second sheet letterhead of the Housum-Kline Co., Cleveland, Ohio, says and I quote: "I esteem only Louis, Hines and Bechet. For the rest I like knocked out colored music, the white bands can all get lost."

Etc.——Etc.——Etc. Lapse of time indicated, also of memory on the part of persons now dead.

The thing is, yes, and again, no — emphatically. I myself find that the best black records stand rehearing day after day, while the best white ones pall, but I don't mean to sell the white records for scrap (they make them into fly buttons) on that account.

"You specialize in Louis?"

"No," I said.

"Henderson? The Duke?"

"No."

"Who else is there?"

I said, "There're some white musicians and white records."

He didn't think so. "A white record," he said, "is like a gag. You hear it once and enjoy it, but it hasn't any kick the second time and the third time it bores you stiff." He was very earnest about the whole thing, being very young. The scene of the confab, I neglected to say, was Milt Gabler's 52nd Street wax emporium.

"I have Louie's Melancholy for breakfast seven days a week," he said feelingly. "Could you stand I Found A New Baby by the Chicago Rhythm Kings that often?"

"No," I said. "I'll just string along with bacon and eggs. They're more digestible."

As I type, an unseen woman is yelling out of an unseen, albeit nearby, window: "Free-dee! Free-dee!! FREE-DEE!!! Can she be paging Frieda Spatgong, for gosh sakes?

Names achieve different immortalities. Example: Up in that part of French Canada they've given his name, "Mezz," to the reefer. "Avez-vous un mezz?"

Musician: Mezzrow's a nice guy. Too bad he can't control his instrument.

Miller: Will you stop horning in? Take five. Hours.

So Hoyte's starting a one-man campaign to give jazz back to the dinges.

At this point my constant reader, unable to contain himself any longer, will take pen firmly in hand to write to the editor:

"Of what importance, sir, to the serious student of jazz, sir, are Fred R. Miller's surrealistic meanderings (sir)? I don't read James Joyce, Gertrude Stein and Henry Miller, and so naturally I don't catch on. But I can tell you, sir, that I know what I like and it ain't them, nor those, neither. Miller's infantile vaporings have no place in an organ of enlightenment like what Jazz Information is. Already we got much too much impressionistic jazz journalism. Charles Edward Smith we have ever with us. It is high time we brought back the banjo, I say."

Aside to Constant Reader: I resent being bracketed with Charles Edward Smith, sir. Where I come from that means water pistols at dawn. If I were a Charles Edward Smithian this piece would read somewhat as follows:

New Orleans. The Creosote City. Oh, shake that thing. The night Stale Bread and his glockenspiel took 647 choruses on Kiss Me Again at Madame Hooker's over in Storyville. Two a. m., and the gin bottles nodding in time to the beat. Gully low. Eagle rock me, daddy. Twenty three, skidoo. King Oliver blowing his brains into a red bandana handkerchief. Hot dog. Mess around. Lawd, lawd. I love my wife, but oh you kid.

Jazz snobbery, he calls it, this choosing of two or three gates to patronize and dismissing the thousands of others as rum-dums. Not that the handful, in this manifestation or in horseshoe pitching, in writing, crap-shooting, radio clowning or whatever, isn't demonstrably superior to the ruck. But say you like Saratoga bubble water or Chopin, which God forbid. Do you therefore proscribe all other liquids, all other composers?

Musician: What do you know about jazz anyways? Yous typewriter jockeys always soundin' off about music. I bet you can't tell a quarter rest from a mice's little black—

Miller (suspiciously): Would your name be Spatgong?

It's funny as hell to see some (censored) dope like Jas. McP. leaning back, all set to absorb about nine dollars' worth of hero worship, lapping up a gang of free booze —— your correspondent meanwhile sipping sherry and keeping his wits about him, urging the white musico to partake copiously of the hard stuff, waiting for him to get pie-eyed; then at the psychological moment your correspondent lashes out with:

"Too bad there's so much crap on Bix in circulation, huh?"

"Sure (hic) is," McP., in mellow mood, hiccups.

We discuss the drinking, the weeding, all that, and finally your correspondent lets go softly, "And how stupid to call Bix a hot man, no?"

The McP. who honks as Bixian a horn as any guy living turns blue, green, red, purple, orange, yellow, violet and beige in rapid succession, and all but coughs up a pint of Scotch into your correspondent's puss.

And now Dickie Doodle and his Ding Dong Rhythm play their own ar-

rangement of "There's An Old Spinning Wheel In My Heart For You".

Dotter: Can I have a penny, Daddy?

Miller: All right, here, and stop bothering me.

Musician: Listen, I heard what you——

Miller: And here's a penny for you too, Spatgong. Go buy yourself a Mickey Finn.

"P.S.," Constant Reader will be writing along about now. "Miller's stuff isn't even amusing. It's just confusing. There's a difference."

Well, like Down Beat, I yam out to give all sides of every question ("the editors do not necessarily agree with the writer's statements or opinions, save the mark"), and if the net result is confusion worse confounded, blame it on Wilbur. This is a free fantasia in a free country, key of B, take it or leave it. Speaking of music — pork chops're sizzling on the pan in the kitchen.

Think of A. Zomb and of Julius Bumb,
How each dreams his name and, dreaming, bites his thumb.

Hodja do, Sally? I didn't see you back there, kirro.

Take the gum-beating on the "question" of black jazz against white, the man sez — further evidence of snobbery within the true fold. You start by picking a race, then you narrow it down to Jack, Mack and Whack, or to Dud, Lud and Fud.

Zackly. (Reader: "Wait. Who's talking now?" Miller: "That would be telling.") There's room for many more than three —— or three dozen. So I don't "specialize".

Bright boy. You'll go far. (One hopes.) And stay there. (One hopes even more fervently.) To continue — jazz was the product of a whole transplanted race, it was developed by generations of largely unknown musicians, black and white, and the making of it is still a group endeavor. Or don't they have bands any more? If the star system has played hell with the movies, it isn't doing jazz too much good. The importance, that is to say, of the top virtuosi has been exaggerated to such an extent that the end, collective jazz, is forgotten in the means, the individual (standout) players, and so there's Louis Armstrong's ork, with Red Allen, who isn't a slug on the trumpet himself, and several good men besides, just filling in the gaps between Louie's projections of virtuosity.

"You'd swear he was a Negro," I said, after listening at the slip-horn on a Teagarden record.

Otis ("He's a great boy") Ferguson gave a beery leer. "Another one of those eggs who think musical genius goes by skin."

"Numb," I protested. "I mean, no."

Bells in Lobby. She has a title for a novel — The Seven Lights Of Neshanic. Now all she has to do is write the novel.

The point is well taken.

Admitted, some of our fine-feathered friends're flying too high and need puncturing —— but that was pretty rough on old McP.

I know, your correspondent growls. Pick on somebody my size. But it's time these firking myths were laid to rest, and McP. as a hot man is one I personally would love to bury.

So of a Wednesday night we stopped in at Nick's, where both Freeman and Muggsy were fronting their own bands, and after Freeman's set his piano, Bowman, came down to the bar and said how's it. In a trice the talk, we being collectors, got onto the subject of wax. (Muggsy's numbers were by way of rehearsal. The next day he was to cut skeenteen sides for Bluebird, Rosenberg said — disliked making records and wanted to fulfill his contractual obligations in one lump.)

"My favorite record," Bowman said gently over his glass of suds, "is the Okeh Laughing Record."

COLLECTORS' ITEMS

(Continued from Page 2)

ell's Armstrong discography), but that Buster Bailey is not to be heard on Paramount 12251, at least; he suggests that it's Don Redman, playing soprano sax. How about it?

* * *

In our February 9 issue Timothy Leary, Jr., of Jamaica Plain, Mass., asked who accompanies Cow Cow Davenport on "I Ain't No Iceman -- Railroad Blues", Decca 7426, masters 63764 and 63766. In the March 15 Down Beat, George Hoefer's "Hot Box" column answered that it was Woody Herman's fluegelhorn player, Joe Bishop.

In the same column Hoefer lists Virginia Liston's Okeh 8122, "Jailhouse Blues" (72265), with guitar accompaniment by "Sidney Bechet", and asks whether Sidney numbers the guitar among his accomplishments. The answer seems to be no. George Avakian writes that Bechet says he was abroad about the time some records bearing his name were issued; and in "Jazzmen" we learn that one Joe Bechet, a relative of Sidney's, played guitar. Our guess is that the Liston item was a label mistake; how did it happen?

* * *

Concerning the presence of Eddie Lang on Bessie Smith's "I'm Wild About That Thing -- You've Got To Give Me Some", Columbia 14427, and "Kitchen Man", 14435, R. G. V. Venables writes from England to comment that the guitarist's style in the three sides is "absolutely typical of Eddie when he was playing behind a colored artist (witness several of those curious Wilton Crawleys on Okeh — 'Tall Tillie', 'Broken-Up Shoes' and a few more)."

NEW RECORDS

(Continued from Page 3)

piano; Ulysses Livingston, guitar; Hayes Alvis, bass; Keg Purnell, drums; Benny Carter, alto and trumpet.

The first record released from the date on which Coleman Hawkins played in Carter's sax section is one of Benny's best Vocalions. The better side, "Sleep", is a fast, "killer" arrangement, with some very effective parts and few of the more ordinary cliches. Hawkins' solo, coming out of a strong brass ensemble, is more self-contained and musical than much of his recent work. Following it is a piano solo with ideas, poorly executed; a trumpet spot by Joe Thomas, and one of Carter's pretty, cool alto solos. The brass and sax sections perform excellently; the rhythm much less so.

"Slow Freight", unfortunately, is a "tone poem". Train effects are confined principally to some whistling supplied by Livingston's guitar, and to a drag bass of the Lunceford type. Hawkins' tenor is slow and massive, the trumpet solos, first by Carter and then by Thomas, are good.

LIZZIE MILES and the MELROSE STOMPERS (Vo 05392) Twenty Grand Blues -- Stranger Blues. The differences between authentic talent and cheap imitation are as evident in blues catalogues as anywhere, if you know how to look for it. Lizzie Miles is an old-time blues singer, but it takes more than that to qualify; her style has disagreeable traces of the "popular" blues singing of the twenties. And her material is taken quite directly from that authentic folk artist, Walter Davis. For "Twenty Grand Blues", see his "Let Me In Your Saddle"; as for "Stranger Blues", compare it to Davis' "Down And Out". There's nothing wrong, of course, with borrowing blues material; on the contrary, exchange of ideas keeps these artists to an extent fertile and sincere. Miss Miles, however, creates nothing and adds nothing. Compared to Walter Davis' simple, easy singing and his fluent blues piano, Lizzie Miles' chirping (and the horrible accompaniment) make a very poor appearance.

In spite of the "Melrose Stomp-

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NEW RECORDS

(Continued from Page 7)

ers'" atrocious ensemble style, the band contains a few good musicians, as an occasional solo by alto, piano or trumpet will indicate.

CHARLIE BURSE and his Memphis Mudcats (Vo 05393) Brand New Day Blues --- Too Much Beef. Charlie Burse shouts the blues, Memphis style, well enough; the accompanying band plays in washboard style, with no special ability.

SONNY BOY WILLIAMSON (BB 8383) I'm Not Pleasing You -- New "Jailhouse Blues". The blues harmonica doesn't strike us as the highest form of jazz, but once its resemblance to an agonized train whistle is forgotten, it is effective and even hot. Sonny Boy Williamson sings well, and inserts harmonica spots between his vocal phrases. This is an unusually good disc because besides Sonny Boy's usual good guitarist, there's nice blues piano, played by Bluebird's faithful Walter Davis, who pops up behind so many of the race singers.

WASHBOARD SAM'S Washboard Band (BB 8377) We Gonna Do Some Rug Cuttin' -- Beauty Spot. We have little interest in modern washboard bands, which at best approach ordinary jump outfits; but those who follow them will find this about the best recent work of this particular group; singing, alto sax and guitar are better than usual.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON (BB 8378) Good Time Woman -- Cotton Club Blues. The second record of Booker Washington, who made his debut recently with "The Death of Bessie Smith", is highly recommended for simple, effective folk blues singing, with Walter Davis' piano accompaniment even more effective than usual.

NOTICE

Jazz Information was not published on March 22, for reasons beyond editorial control. This is the first issue since March 15. Excuse us, please.

New York

(Continued from Page 1)

be two-sided fibre pressings, sell for twenty-five cents, and feature recordings of Eli Oberstein's Royale and Varsity artists.

Freddie Rich recorded four new sides for Columbia with a fourteen piece mixed pick up band. Group included Roy Eldridge, Red Solomon, Nat Natali, trumpets; Larry Altpeter, trombone; Benny Carter, Sid Perlmutter, Babe Rusin, Sid Stoneburn, Frank Chase, Stafford Simon, saxes; Clyde Hart, piano; Ken Binford, guitar; Hayes Alvis, bass; Johnny Williams, drums.

Lee Castaldo, formerly trumpet player for Tommy Dorsey, Jack Teagarden and others, is planning to form his own band. George Auld has given up the band he began rehearsing last week. Les Jenkins, trombone player of the Shaw-Auld band, replaced Ward Silloway in Tommy Dorsey's orchestra.

Lil Armstrong recorded for Decca on March 18th with a seven piece band. The personnel was Jonah Jones, trumpet; John Stovall, alto; Russell Johns, tenor; Lil Armstrong, piano; Wellman Braud, bass; Mainzie Johnson, drums. Midge Williams and Hilda Rogers sang on the sides, which were "Riffin' The Blues", "Good Man", "Sixth Street Blues" and "Secret Flame". Another recent entry on Decca's race list is Doc Sausage and his Five Pork Chops, a novelty band well known in the Fifties.

Ella Fitzgerald concludes a week at the 125th Street Apollo Theatre March 28. Featured band next week will be Bardu Ali. Ella is at the Savoy, Teddy Wilson at the Golden Gate.

Woody Herman opens at the Paramount Theatre April 3. Teddy Powell now at the Arcadia Ballroom. Andy Kirk has been signed to replace Louis Armstrong at the Cotton Club April 5. Louis Prima's big band is leaving town for and indefinite run at Boston's Casa Manana. Jimmy Dorsey opens at the Pennsylvania Hotel April 5 for thirteen weeks. Tommy D. will open at the Astor late in May.

Jam sessions at Nick's continue every Sunday afternoon; Art Hodes and Rod Cless were to be among those present March 31.

Chicago

(Continued from Page 1)

The two piano quartet (with clarinet and drums) of Pliner and Earl is back from the West.

Fabian Andre goes back into the Pump Room as Matty Malneck checks out this week. Jimmy MacPartland's band, now playing week-end fraternity and society shindigs, is to return to the Panther Room as the regular Monday night feature, and also for the Saturday matinee tea dances.

Tiny Parham is again beating the groan-box accompaniment for Monday night roller skaters at the Savoy. The Oh Henry Ballroom reopened last week, and occasionally features jazz.

In a last-minute change, Earl Hines took his whole band into Milwaukee's Blatz, with the exception of Bud Johnson who is biding his time with Johnny Long temporarily. Walter Fuller reports that Hines is grooming "Muggles" and "Royal Garden Blues" for band recordings in April. After his Milwaukee closing on the 28th, Hines takes to the road through the mid-West for two weeks, with a short stop-over in Cleveland.

-- John Steiner.

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